
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SEPTEMBER, 1823.

MISS LOUISA SHARP.

IT is with sincere pleasure we are this month enabled to present to our fair readers the portrait of Miss Louisa Sharp, a young lady, whose high professional attainments as a performer on the HARP, have justly entitled her to the applause and patronage of a generous and enlightened public, while her amiable manners and virtuous conduct, in private life, endear her to her family, and to a numerous circle of friends.

Miss Louisa Sharp is the youngest daughter of Mr. George Sharp, professor of music. She was born at Bedford, in the year 1801, and at a very early period, like her contemporary Miss Paton, gave indications of that talent for music, which has since so eminently distinguished her. In consequence of which, her respected father lost no time in initiating her in the rudiments of the harp; and at the early age of five years he had the pleasing satisfaction of finding his exertions attended by so great an improvement on her part, that he continued his instructions with increased assiduity and effect.

In May, 1809, Miss Sharp made her first public appearance at Huntingdon, where her performance was so highly appreciated, that in the same month, she was engaged to attend the concerts at Peterborough, and likewise at Cambridge; at both of which places, her talents were considered

astonishing by every one present, but more particularly by the eminent professors who attended those meetings, and who strongly urged her being brought to London, as a place affording a larger scope for displaying her superior abilities. In consequence of this advice, her father relinquished his engagements in the country, and in 1810 settled in the metropolis.

In the same year, Miss Sharp played at the concert given for the benefit of the Free-mason's Charity: the effect which her performance produced on that occasion, ensured her the most flattering encouragement; and from that time, aided solely by her father's instructions, this amiable young lady has continued advancing in her professional celebrity, through an era, when musical talent might be considered to have more candidates for public favor than at any former period.

In 1817, at the earnest solicitations of many of her friends, Miss Louisa Sharp commenced giving instructions on the harp, and by her superior skill, and conscientious discharge of the important duties committed to her care, she has established an extensive connection, by whom she is most deservedly patronized.

NOBLE REVENGE.

SOME soldiers of Gabinius wantonly put to death two sons of M. Bibulus, a person of distinction in the province of Syria. The afflicted father having appealed to Queen Cleopatra for justice on the murderers, she ordered them to be seized and sent to him, to be dealt with as he might see fit. Bibulus did as wisely as generously. He felt that, in private hands, punishment must have degenerated into revenge, and he was of the few who think that to repeat, is not the most rational way to shew abhorrence of a deed of brutality. He commanded the culprits to be returned to the queen, thinking it revenge enough to have had the enemies of his blood in his power.

CROYLAND ABBEY ;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 68.)

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart which is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

NOTWITHSTANDING the eclat which awaited the victorious young warrior at the court of Ceolred, he was anxious to escape from its distracting bustle, to seek, in solitude, communion with his own heart, for there he felt that all was not right.—Almost unknowingly he had ventured to fix his hopes on an object, which reason and honor now alike represented the necessity of his relinquishing; while a secret conviction pressed on his mind, that he had undesignedly won the affections of the enthusiastic girl, whose claims on his tenderness would probably have proved too powerful to be long resisted, had not the extraordinary disclosure of Hedda, vague and unsatisfactory as it was, filled his mind with doubts of a most painful nature.—At times he felt inclined to think that the monk was playing on his credulity, the better to win him to his own purpose; as the zealous bigotry of the religious, in those times, frequently induced them to have recourse to the most subtle artifices to effect their desired end—Still there was an air of candor and of friendly warmth about the venerable Hedda, which as it recurred to his memory, banished the unworthy suspicion. His own sentiments, moreover, respecting Pega, warranted the supposition that she was indeed his sister; so different were the feelings with which he had regarded her from those which agitated him in the presence of Elfrida.—A prey to these harrassing reflections, he passed whole days in melancholy musings, and feeling himself unfit for society, in his present mood, he solicited permission to retire from court, which was reluctantly granted. Anxious to avoid observation, he withdrew unattended, purposing to pass a few days at the Abbey, previously to his rejoining his uncle at Bearing Castle. Hedda received him with open arms, and ca-

gerly listened to his account of Anselmn, rejoicing at his brilliant opening prospects, but lamenting, with almost childish distress, his own bereavement. "Suppose," said Guthlac, with a melancholy smile, "I should offer myself in his stead, would you receive me as a son? could I supply the place of Anselmn to you, father?" Hedda, regarding him attentively, with a deep sigh, replied—"Beware, my child, how you suffer a morbid sensibility to cloud your better judgment: although it is my duty, as well as my desire, to draw into the bosom of our holy church all who feel the slightest inclination to enter its pale, I would not take advantage of a momentary fit of disgust, to entice you from enjoyments which you might, at some future period, look back to with unavailing regret. At my age, and yours, the pleasures of life wear a very different aspect: enjoy them still, as far as you can with purity of heart, for much of what the world calls happiness may be still in store for you. Should it prove otherwise, should experience bring with it conviction, then I will gladly receive you in the place of Anselmn, and lend, while life remains, my feeble aid to guide your steps to peace and happiness." Hedda, however, though he thus evaded the proposal which Guthlac in a moment of melancholy enthusiasm had ventured to make, was not sorry to perceive that his exhortations had, in some degree, worked on the mind of the youth, and would, in all probability, receive augmented strength when aided by the imposing solemnities of the devotional service, at which he never failed to be present. Day after day wore away, and Guthlac still remained at the abbey, from whence he occasionally dispatched messages to his mother, who, he was apprehensive, would be uneasy at his protracted absence from home. His return, was however, accelerated by an unexpected event. His uncle Egbert, seized with a sudden illness, lay on his death-bed, and required his immediate presence. This mandate at once roused Guthlac from his lethargic inactivity, and called him once more into the busy scenes of life.—Arrived at the castle, he hastened to the chamber of his uncle, whom he found attended by the anxious and greatly agitated lady Gunilda, who had arrived but a few hours before Guthlac. Egbert received his nephew with a faint smile of satisfaction, and pressing his hand between his own, which were already

damp with the chill dew of approaching death, he said, "Your prompt obedience to my summons, Guthlac, affords me almost the greatest pleasure I am now capable of experiencing: there is indeed one thing more which I require of you, but I have every reason to believe, that the proposition will rather give you an opportunity of fulfilling your own wishes than merely obliging a dying uncle.—My daughter Pega—" Guthlac started, when raising his eyes to Gunilda, who stood on the opposite side of the bed, he read in her beseeching look an appeal which he could not misunderstand, he forced himself therefore to remain a silent auditor. "Pega" continued Egbert, "has long placed her happiness in your keeping—she will now need a protector, and to your care I confide her; I have made such provision for her as would render her a desirable match to the first noble in the land; and, in bestowing her on you, I evince the high sense I entertain of you, and my anxious wish to promote your mutual happiness. Say then, Guthlac, have I not anticipated your wishes?" "You have, indeed," replied Guthlac, "bestowed on me a gift of which I fully appreciate the value; nature and inclination would alike impel me to become the protector of Pega, and such I would ever prove to her, but—" he paused, and again his enquiring eye rested on the Lady Gunilda, as if seeking to know why she did not explain the mystery which hung over them, and which obliged him, in such a moment, to have recourse to evasion. At that moment Pega, who had been also sent for, entered; her looks were sadly dejected: but, as she drew near the spot where Guthlac stood, a blush of delighted recognition mantled on her cheek.—"Come hither, my child," said Egbert feebly, "you have long regarded me rather as an austere guardian than as a tender parent, perhaps my habitual reserve may have cast a chill on your warmer feelings; but I am now about to convince you that I have long had your happiness at heart, and I have most effectually provided for it, by bestowing you on a husband every way worthy of you." "Can this be possible?" exclaimed Pega, regarding Guthlac with a look of mingled wonder and apprehension.—"Why should you doubt it, Pega?" enquired Egbert, not noticing the hesitation of Guthlac, or the wild gestures of Lady Gunilda, who now, with clasped hands, silently supplicated him to offer no opposition. "You will love and protect her, Guthlac," said

the nearly exhausted Egbert. "While I have life," replied Guthlac firmly, as he grasped the trembling hand of Pega, who, overcome with emotion by the unlooked-for, though equivocal acquiescence of Guthlac, sunk into her mother's arms, and wept with the fullness of joy, while Egbert, satisfied with the assurance so energetically given, rested his head on the pillow and closed his eyes. Gunilda then, at the suggestion of Guthlac, led her daughter from the room; and, in the course of a few hours, Egbert breathed his last. Lady Gunilda was no sooner apprized of the event, than she sought a conference with Guthlac. She found him, as she expected, absorbed in painful meditations, and conscious that she merited his reproaches, she stood pale and trembling before him. "What am I to understand by the scene which has just taken place, madam?" he asked gravely, yet respectfully, "Can it be possible that you would permit me to be deceived into an union with Pega, or are you aware, that I have been informed of the fatal cause which must render such an union impossible?" "I know how far the information of Hedda has extended," replied lady Gunilda; and I am prepared to expect, that you must abhor me for my duplicity, when I acknowledge that Pega is my daughter, though not the child of Egbert. After years of successful deception, it would have been equally cruel and unnecessary to disturb the last moments of one, whose conduct, though in many respects culpable towards me, has been uniformly kind and generous, with a disclosure which could answer no good purpose; and, deeply as I lament the unhappy consequences of the imposition which maternal feelings led me to practice, I still trust that my Pega has strength of mind sufficient to combat successfully with a weakness, which would, if encouraged, become a crime. If I deceive myself in this expectation, wretched indeed shall I be." Guthlac was silent; being unacquainted with all the particulars of Lady Gunilda's story, he was unable to judge how far she could be justified in acting as she had done; yet, making every allowance for a mother's feelings, and the arbitrary violence by which she had been torn from the object of her earliest regard, he felt disposed to pity rather than condemn her, while the innocent suffering Pega, claimed his tenderest sympathy and regard.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRL OF PROvence.

THE classical story of Pygmalion is often exemplified in the romance of real life. The lover usually forms for himself an image of his mistress more resembling the *beau ideal* of beauty than truth and nature would warrant. But the mad enthusiasm of love, which could convert a marble statue into an object of passionate attachment, must argue a degree of mental excitement amounting to insanity.

Such was the nature of the extraordinary case of the "Girl of Provence," who became enamoured of the famous antique statue, the Belvidere Apollo. This remarkable occurrence has been chosen, by Mr. Barry Cornwall, as the foundation of a poem which he has lately published. The subject is well adapted for poetical embellishment; but it also affords an admirable moral lesson; and on that ground we offer it to the notice of our readers. Few narratives can be better fitted to warn the young and sensitive against the danger of giving way to violent feelings and emotions of the mind. The melancholy history of the unfortunate Provençal maniac is thus related by *Madame de Haster*, a literary lady, who resided at Paris, when the event which she records took place.

"The enthusiasm of a girl from Provence has lately occupied my mind. It was a singular occurrence which I shall never forget. I was present at the national museum, when the girl entered the *Salle D'Apollon*: she was tall and elegantly formed, and in all the bloom of health. I was struck with her air, and my eyes involuntarily followed her steps. I saw her start, as she cast her eyes on the statue of Apollo, and she stood before it, as if struck by lightning. Gradually her eyes sparkled with sensibility. She had before looked calmly round the hall. Her whole frame seemed to be electrified, as if a transformation had taken place within her; and it has since appeared, that indeed a transformation had taken place, and that her youthful breast had imbibed a powerful, alas! fatal passion. I remarked that her companion (an elder sister it seems) could not force her to leave the statue but with much entreaty; and she left the hall with tears in

her eyes, and all the expression of tender sorrows. I set out the very same evening for Mont-Morency.

"I returned to Paris at the end of August, and visited immediately the collection of antiques. I recollected the girl from Provence, and thought I might perhaps meet with her again, but I never saw her afterwards, though I went frequently. At length I met with one of the attendants, who I recollected, had observed her with the same attentive curiosity which I had felt; and I enquired after her. 'Poor girl!' said the old man, 'that was a sad visit for her. She came afterwards almost every day to look at the statue, and she would sit still, with her hands folded in her lap, staring at the image: and when her friends forced her away, it was always with tears that she left the hall. In the middle of May she brought, whenever she came, a basket of flowers, and placed it on the Mosaic steps. One morning early she had contrived to get into the room before the usual hour of opening it, and we found her within the grate sitting on the steps, almost fainting, exhausted with weeping. The whole hall was scented with the perfume of flowers, and she had elegantly thrown over the statue a large veil of Indian muslin, with a gold fringe. We pitied the deplorable condition of the lovely girl, and let no one into the hall until her friends came and carried her home. She struggled and resisted exceedingly when forced away, and declared in her phrenzy, that the god had that night chosen her to be his priestess, and that she must serve him. We have never seen her since, and we hear that an opiate was given her, and that she was taken into the country."

I made further enquiries concerning her history, and learnt afterwards that *she died raving*.*"

* To this circumstance the present Professor of Poetry at Oxford refers in his Prize Poem, entitled "*The Belvidere Apollo*," in the following lines—

"Yes, on that form in wild delirious trance
With more than rev'rence gaz'd the maid of France.
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, and thought it solitude;
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguil'd,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smil'd;

THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE;

A TALE.

By the Author of "Marian Melfort," "Confessions of a Benedict," &c.

(Continued from page 80.)

CHAP. IX.

A FEW weeks residence at home occasioned such social intercourse between the families as to render them more intimately acquainted with the real disposition of the several members; it soon therefore became evident that the Viscount regarded Marian with a degree of admiration likely to create alarm in the breasts of her father and brother; and, as Mr. Fitzormond disdained to encourage a prepossession which he knew could not be yielded to without involving the parties in most unpleasant circumstances, as well as attaching odium to his own character; he requested his son to have a confidential conversation with Lord Irvine on the subject. With this request, though highly embarrassing to Oscar, he knew it was his duty to comply; he accordingly took an early opportunity of expressing to that young nobleman his apprehension that he was trifling with his sister in a manner which might, eventually, draw on them the displeasure of his family; even if it did not tend to endanger her peace of mind. "Since you have thought proper to speak thus plainly to me, Oscar," said Lord Irvine, "I will be equally candid with you, and declare that I am not trifling; but am serious in endeavoring to secure the regard of your sister." "To what purpose, my lord?" rejoined Oscar hastily, "not with any dishonorable views, I hope and trust; you must be well aware of the obstacles interposing to prevent any

Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seem'd to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she wan'd, and cold and senseless grown,
Clos'd her dim eyes, herself benumbed to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied,
Once more she gaz'd, then feebly smil'd, and died.

The foregoing fact is also related in the work of Mons. Pinel sur l'Insanité.

EDITOR.

other. I fear, indeed, if you are not *deceiving me*, you are acting without due consideration."—"Whatever follies my inconsiderate disposition may have led me into, Oscar," replied Lord Irvine, with an air of serious displeasure, "I believe you have never known me guilty of villainy or deceit; and nothing but respect for a brother's feelings would suffer me, at this moment, to overlook the implied insult; but, to convince you that you wrong me, I will repeat that I love your sister, and shall not be restrained, by any prudential consideration, from endeavoring to win her affection."—"But you are engaged to your cousin, my lord?" "Mere, childish nonsense!" returned the Viscount, "the projected match has never been formally agreed to by either party, and it requires but very little penetration to discover that Miss Macpherson will be quite agreeable to my crying off first; for, I am sure, she is too good-natured to wish to break any poor fellow's heart, for the sake of having the refusal on her own side." "And do you think, then," asked Oscar eagerly, "that she does not care for you?" "I am as certain of it," returned Irvine, laughing, "as I am, that you are rejoiced to hear it." "Nay, my lord, this is not fair." "Quite as fair, upon my honor, as that you should attack me. Come, come, do not look so confounded, my fine fellow, but let us go to work, hand in hand, and assist one another." "Excuse me, Lord Irvine," said Oscar gravely, "Whatever my sentiments may be, I know my own situation, and what is due to the family of my benefactor too well, to presume, on my own account, neither can I, nor will I encourage you in a pursuit which, I know, would be strongly and justly opposed by them." "Well," returned Irvine carelessly, "you may do as you please, but I am a headstrong boy, and would rather resign rank, fortune, and title, than be thwarted in my own scheme of happiness." "This is a sudden freak; my Lord, you will come to your senses by and bye." "Well, Oscar, it may be as you say, so let us remain friends for the present, and keep our own counsel; at all events, you may rely upon my honor!" "I trust you, Lord Irvine," replied Oscar, grasping his hand with friendly warmth, "and, for my own part, since there is no longer any chance of rivalry between us, I will venture to hope that I may, by my own exertion, at some future period, be enabled to aspire to the hand of your amiable cousin; but, as that is a very distant perspec-

tive, I must bury my hopes and wishes in my own breast for the present." "I confess, I can practice no such self-denial," returned Irvine, with a shrug, "however, you shall find me ever as anxious to promote your interest as my own."

Oscar communicated the result of this conference to his father, with some palliations: the latter, however, was not so satisfied with the assurances of the impetuous Viscount as the former professed himself to be; and, therefore, resolved to remove his daughter from the reach of his pursuit, previous to his next return from college. This determination however, he kept to himself, but under various pretences contrived to re-establish himself in his own cottage, and to occupy Marian so incessantly, that she had few opportunities of meeting any of the inmates of the castle.

(To be continued.)

THE DYING MISER.

DR. DUNHAM WHITAKER, in his "*History of the Parish of Whalley*," mentions a remarkable instance of avarice, in consequence of which an estate, held by a miser, reverted, after his death, to the Lords of the Manor in which it was situated.

"An old man, who had been a natural child, and was therefore incapable of heirs but of his own body, lying at the point of death, applied to a neighboring scrivener to draw his will. The scrivener arrived, and having asked a few questions with respect to the personal property of the testator, and received rational answers, at last proceeded to enquire his intentions with respect to his landed estates. 'What,' replied the dying miser, '*will you take all from me?*' The attorney waited a few moments, and drawing aside the curtain, found that his client had expired."

This story, which is literally true, affords a complete and happy illustration of Pope's well-known lines—

"'I give and I bequeath,' old Euclio said,
And sigh'd, 'my lands and tenements to Ned.'
'Your money, sir?' 'My money, sir? What all!
Oh, if I must, why then I give it Paul.'
'The manor sir?' 'The manor too?' he cried,
'Not that; I cannot part with that;' and died,"

PRIZE ESSAY.

“ON THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE LAST AND PRESENT CENTURY, CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO THE DOMESTIC CIRCUMSTANCES AND RELATIONS OF WOMEN.”

If we consider the influence which women possess in forming the manners and dispositions of the other sex by their society and example, and also that the youth of both sexes, during their earliest and most susceptible years, are, in a great measure, under their direction and management, the education of females must surely be considered, by every reflecting mind, a concern of the greatest importance, not only individually to themselves, but to the community at large. During the last century, female education, in general, was much neglected: to be versed in the mysteries of embroidery and cross-stitch, and to be competent mistress of the art of pickling and pastry, with a knowledge, sometimes but very slight, of the rudiments of their own language, and writing, were deemed at that time the essential ingredients of education. And though many illustrious females adorned that period, who were not content to rest satisfied with the ignorance in which others were involved, and who felt the necessity of deviating from the common track, still these were but exceptions; for the routine of female education at that time comprised few, if any, of those important studies which tend, at the same time, to delight and ennoble the human mind. As the circumstances in which women are placed, necessarily exclude them from those active functions which devolve on the other sex, the extent of female usefulness is, of necessity, confined; and their duties are comprised in a correct performance of the various and momentous duties which attach to those relations of domestic life in which they may be placed, either as daughters, wives, or mothers. The women of the last century, though perfect mistresses of every domestic duty, (the importance of which I would by no means depreciate) but of narrow minds and contracted education, must have formed very unsuitable companions for intellectual and well informed men: weak and puerile in understanding, the natural conse-

quence of the cramped and ill-directed method of instruction pursued with respect to them in their youth, females could possess scarcely any acquaintance with literary subjects to furnish them with matter for reflection or conversation. Hence their society was but little coveted, and their colloquial intercourse with men became degraded to the most trifling kind; and as few exterior accomplishments were then taught, except dancing, how very destitute of attraction, from those very causes, must have been the home of a man of sense and taste! As mothers, the system then pursued must have proved still more injurious. Having themselves acquired so little information, it could not, reasonably, be expected, that they should be aware of how much importance a well cultivated mind would prove to their children. I would not be understood as wishing to undervalue either the article of needle-work, or a knowledge of domestic management, which are both essentially necessary to a female; but I must be allowed to say, that where, after fulfilling the duties of her station, a female employs the portion of time remaining to herself, in reading to enlarge her understanding; or, in improving her acquaintance with the best authors; or, by her pen communicating to others the results of her own observations, she is far better, and more usefully employed, than she would be in embroidering the most tasteful chair-covers, or working the most difficult pattern.

Within the last twenty years, there has been a great and obvious improvement effected with respect to female education. Accomplishments are now profusely taught, and the minds of young females are expanded and ameliorated, by bringing them acquainted with many of the choicest flowers that bloom in the wide garden of literature. With many sciences, it is utterly unnecessary for women to be acquainted: political economy, jurisprudence, and the deeper researches of philosophy, may, I think, be classed among this number; and though some women have been found to whom these sciences have been familiar, yet, generally speaking, they are unnecessary. The rise and fall of states; the manners, customs, and geographical situations of different nations; the store of literature open to them from their acquaintance with the French and Italian languages; the elevation and expansion of mind, to be gained from an ac-

quaintance with the motions of the heavenly bodies, (so visibly denoting, in their harmonious movements, the hand of the Almighty maker of the universe,) these are studies from whence the female mind will gain *real* benefit, and acquire materials for reflection which will prove beneficial and recreative to them, in the various situations they may be called to fill in after life. But it is a point which cannot, I think, be controverted, that these solid and useful attainments are frequently sacrificed, in order that the pupil may become proficient in the various and more fashionable exterior accomplishments now taught.—There is sometimes too great a desire to impart to the youthful female outward grace, and polished manners, while the mind is destitute of religious principles and useful knowledge. A sense of future responsibility for their conduct and actions, and a reliance on Divine Providence, should be the foundation of all education, especially female education. If these be neglected, it is in vain to expect that the young female will be enabled to withstand the many temptations that may beset her, in her journey through life. Accomplishments, though they may adorn and grace a cultivated understanding, can never compensate for the deficiency where *that* is wanting. It is an enlarged understanding, and an acquaintance with general literature, the means of becoming acquainted with which, are now afforded so generally to females, that will render them better able to fulfil the duties that devolve on them. The peculiar province of women is to tend with patient assiduity around the bed of sickness; to watch the feeble steps of infancy; to communicate to the young student the elements of language and knowledge; and to bless with their smiles and cheerful attentions those of their friends who are declining in the vale of years, or journeying slowly through declining health to the last silent resting place for all:—these studies will certainly be far better performed by a sensible and well-educated female, who has herself been taught to feel and know the value of an approving conscience, whose standard of truth proceeds from a higher source than the opinions of men, and who, in her own experience, can correctly appreciate the blessing of education. The mother, who adds to a well-informed mind, and to the possession of the graceful accomplishments, a deep sense of the infinite im-

portance of religion, will labor to impart to her child *first* a love of that divine principle, and which she will teach her to cherish over and above all other things; and then, and *then only* will she bring her acquainted with those other studies and graces which may be suited to her age and station.—Music is in our day almost universally taught; and it is an accomplishment peculiarly adapted for females, both as a relaxation and an amusement; it is moreover become so fashionable that few parents are pleased if their daughters are unable to perform on the harp or piano; yet, certainly reference should first be had to the prevailing taste or inclination of the child, previous to her being compelled to give her time and attention to any particular study; for there can be little doubt but that many gentle girls are obliged to devote many hours daily to the practice of music, who would prefer devoting that time to their pencil, or acquiring increased information on other subjects more congenial to their taste. But notwithstanding this erroneous conduct, I think it must, on the whole, be acknowledged that female education, in the present century, has advanced in improvement with rapid and gigantic steps, and is in its modern pursuits calculated to exalt the dignity of the female character, to increase its powers of usefulness, and to render women, as daughters, wives, and mothers, still more endearing and estimable than they could otherwise be.

ELIZA CATHARINE H—.

DRAMATIC EFFECT.

It is related in the annals of the stage, as a remarkable instance of the force of imagination, that when Bank's play of the "Earl of Essex" was last performed, a soldier, who stood sentinel on the stage, entered so deeply into the distress of the scene, that in the delusion of his imagination, upon the Countess of Nottingham's denying the receipt of the ring, which Essex had sent by her to the queen to claim a promise of favor, he exclaimed, "'Tis false! she has it in her bosom;" and immediately seized the mock countess, to make her deliver it up.

FEMALE SERVANTS.

PERHAPS there is not a more fertile subject of complaint than the waste, wickedness, bad conduct, and fine dressing of female servants; and, especially among the ladies, these matters form the principal topic at many a tea-party. I am sorry to say, that there is but too much truth in a great part of these complaints; yet I have often thought, that much of blame attaches frequently to a master or mistress, as well as to the poor servant. We are too apt to think that the mere act of feeding them, and paying the pittance for which they hire themselves, is the complete exoneration of all that a master or mistress owes to them. What a mistake this is! Next to our children, female servants, especially if young, want our care; temptations should not be thrown in their way; neither should they be allowed, any more than is unavoidable to go into the way of temptation, in the streets. They should be sent regularly to a place of worship; and truth, above all things, should be inculcated on their minds; for this purpose, no master or mistress should be denied as *not being at home*, when they are; it is a thousand times better that a person should be told that they are engaged, or at that time cannot be seen, than that servants should be taught to tell an unblushing lie; neither should masters or mistresses, to hide any trifling fault or accident which may have happened to either party, degrade themselves so much as to suffer a servant to join them in a falsehood to one another; a *white lie*, as it is called. It may be depended on, that when servants observe these things tolerated and encouraged by their superiors, they too frequently adopt them as a matter of course, and the *whitest* lies long indulged in, soon pave the way for the *blackest*.

Persons are too apt to forget that their servants are of the same flesh and blood with themselves, and treat them accordingly, forgetting how kindness will influence even the worst and wildest natures; it is frequently by the want of this kindness, by subjecting them to all sorts of contumely and scorn, and by the depriving them of their proper share of rest and pleasure, that servants are driven to such con-

stant changes of place, and become so indifferent to a master's welfare. No doubt there are exceptions, but I speak generally; and what I mean to contend for is, that there are bad masters and mistresses, as well as bad servants; and that very often the former make the latter.

With all their faults, we should cut very poor figures without them; the epicure would miss the cook terribly; the sickly or feeble mother, the nurse-maid for her children; the dashing *belle*, her lady's-maid; and so on. We know not, never having tried, how miserable we should be without them; but certainly, the fewer any body has, the better; and those ought not perhaps to be too young: too much care cannot be taken as to enquiring into character, for as changing often is miserable, so it becomes the more necessary to make your choice cautiously and well, especially if you have young children; for it is well known that young folks being often permitted to do as they please in the kitchen, and to take great liberties with servants, frequently choose their society in preference to that of the parlor. And whether they choose it or not, they are of necessity much with menials while young, and therefore it becomes of the greater consequence that the servants' characters should be as irreproachable as possible; for when female servants chance to be idle, wanton, or wicked in any way, the children who associate with them are in extreme danger.

Much more might be said on the subject, but at present, this Essay shall conclude with an extract from the "Fruits of a Father's love," written by William Penn; who, in speaking of servants, says, "Let them know their business as well as their wages; and as they do the one, pay them honestly the other. Though servants, yet remember they are brethren in Christ, and that you also are but stewards, and must account to God. Wherefore let your moderation appear unto them, and that will provoke them to diligence, for love, rather than fear, which is the truest and best motive to service. In short, as you find them, so keep, use, and reward them, or dismiss them."

J. M. LACEY.

PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

.....
No. XIV.

—
JOHN CLARE,

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

(Concluded from page 86.)

THERE is a pathetic tenderness runs through the "Address to my Father," that melts the heart, and the following words, which the old man is supposed to speak, drew a tear as we read them.—

"There stood thy children—' Ah,' thou oft would'st sigh,
' Let's see my babes brought up, and let me die.
Though what I do but brings them little food,
It better keeps them than the workhouse would.
I've small enticement in this world to find,
But could not rest if *they* were left behind.'
Bless thee, my father! thou'st been kind to me,
And God, who saw it, will be kind to thee."

Long may Clare's parents live to experience the filial tenderness which does their son so much honor, and much do we rejoice, that he has the means of soothing their declining years with that support which this melancholy period of life demands.

The present criticism is entered on with no invidious motive, but rather to point out to Clare, with the finger of a friend, errors that he may in future easily avoid. We see already what effect encouragement has had upon him; it has stimulated him to efforts that do him infinite credit, and we confidently anticipate an honorable result, if he will studiously cultivate the talent which nature has allotted him: had Bloomfield so done he had not sunk into the comparative obscurity which now covers him.

Among the faults which it would be easy for Clare to correct is an aptness to use vulgar expression, as "*pitch-black ships*," "*a ploughboy in the fields did maul*," "*and he makes glorious fun among the chaps*," "*I'd time to tramp*."

"Where her long-hoarded groat oft brings the maid,
And *secret slives it* in the sybil's fist."

We do not object to such expressions, if given as the characteristic language of persons in humble life, for then they are necessary, and assist the developement of character, but otherwise their use is offensive to the ear of taste, and highly censurable. "*Lushy*" is a word that might be placed among those we have just enumerated; it has long been obsolete, and we do not wish to see it revived. The little piece entitled "To the Clouds," is beautiful; but deformed towards the conclusion by coarseness of expression. We will extract a few lines—

"And sweeter still, when in your slumbers sooth
You hang the western arch o'er day's proud eye;
Still as the even pool, uncurv'd and smooth,
My gazing soul has look'd most placidly;
And higher still devoutly wish'd to strain,
To wipe your shrouds and sky's *blue blinders* by,
With all the warmth of a moon-struck brain,—
To catch a glimpse of him who bids you reign
And view the dwelling of all majesty."

Lines "To a Dead Tree," have nothing new, but they are pleasingly written. In his comic efforts, Clare has been almost uniformly unsuccessful; but he has secured himself from ridicule or contempt by the absence, throughout his poem, of all affectations which we had some apprehension of meeting in the lines "To an Infant Daughter;" for on such occasions many have felt themselves privileged to indulge a puling strain of morbid sensibility: but Clare, in this instance, has evinced his good sense and unaffected feeling. "Autumn," a descriptive piece, is among Clare's most finished productions, it thus sweetly commences—

"The summer-flower has run to seed,
And yellow is the woodland bough;
And every leaf of bush and weed
Is tipt with autumn's pencil now.

And I do love the varied hue,
And I do love the browning plain;
And I do love each scene to view
That's marked with beauties of her reign.

* * * * *

I love the year's decline, and love
Through rustling yellow shades to range,
O'er stubble land, 'neath willow grove,
To pause upon each varied change.

And oft have thought 'twas sweet, to list
The stubbles crackling with the heat,
Just as the sun broke through the mist,
And warm'd the herdsman's rushy seat.

While distant thresher's swingle drops
With sharp and hollow-twankling raps;
And, nigh at hand, the echoing chops
Of hardy hedger stopping gaps."

We could with pleasure continue transcribing this poem, did our limits permit, but must check ourselves and turn to others also deserving notice. The "Woodman" is a fine picture, and one from which even Wilkie might copy. We behold the reluctant woodman forego the warm comforts of his bed, and receive at a glance the following able description—

"The early winter's morn is dark as pitch,
The wary wife from tinder brought at night,
With flint and steel and *many a sturdy twitch*,
Sits up in bed to strike her man a light ;
And as the candle shows the rapturous sight,
Aside his wife his rosy sleeping boy,
He smacks his lips with exquisite delight,
With all a father's feelings, father's joy,
Then bids his wife good bye, and hies to his employ.

* * * * *

And soon as dusky even hovers round,
And the white frost 'gins crizzle pond and brook,
The little family are glimpsing round
And from the door dart many a wistful look ;
The supper's ready stewing on the hook :
And every foot that clamper's down the street
Is for the coming father's step mistook ;
O'erjoy'd are they when he the eyes does meet
Bent 'neath his load, snow-clad, as white as any sheet.

I think I see him seated in his chair
Taking the ballows up the fire to blow ;
I think I hear him joke and chatter there,
Telling his children news they wish to know ;

*With leather leggings on, that stopt the snow,
And broad-brimm'd hat uncouthly shapen round :*

* * * * *

The woodman smokes, the brats in mirth and glee,
And artless prattle evening's hours beguile,
While love's last pledge runs scrambling up his knee,
The nightly comfort from his weary toil,
His chuff cheek dimpling in a fondling smile;
He claims his kiss, and says his scraps of prayer;
Begging his daddy's pretty song the while,
Playing with his jacket-buttons and his hair;
And thus in wedlock's joys the laborer drowns his care."

"The Song of Praise," in imitation of the 148th Psalm, is every way excellent, and the line

"Thou moon, meek guardian of the night,"

elegant and original. "The last of March," is a finely descriptive poem. Many of Clare's songs are truly beautiful, and are the most convincing evidence how renewed hopes and enlivened spirits have invigorated his muse. The following verse from the song commencing "Mary, the Day of Love's Pleasures has been," is very sweetly written—

"The sun will rise bright, though in night he be set,
And the dew-drops from blossoms will sever :
But the doubtfulness, Mary, that rose since we met,
Is pain to this bosom for ever."

Of the sonnets, that to "Home" is the best. The poetry contained in the two volumes which bear the title of "The Village Minstrel," is almost uniformly good, and often beautiful; the "Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery," can bear no comparison with it. The first, we should regard our poetical library incomplete if wanting; with the latter we could dispense, and the more willingly, since it contains many pieces which we regret ever to have been published. The selection of the first volume of his poems, was not left to Clare, or we imagine it would have evinced more judgment. We shall now bid him farewell, earnestly recommending to him the culture of his happy talents, whilst the confidence of public support will, we trust, stimulate him to early evidences of its continued and improving existence.

LUXURY AND REFINEMENT.

An Essay.
.....

THE chimeras of the philosophers, who believed it possible to evade the penalty of nature, and preserve human existence in this world to immortality, have, like the philosopher's stone, been long exploded. Were it possible for man to make such an infraction on the original ordination of the Deity, very little reasoning would serve to show how little it is to be desired. To consider this world as a passage to a higher state of existence, keeps the mind in that tone, which best serves the interests of human virtue and human happiness, yet, it is consistent with every principle of religion and morality to extend the term that is allotted us on earth to its utmost; and to preserve it the enjoyment of health, is *a duty*, inasmuch as on the possession of health depends the proper performance of our various parts in the grand drama of life.

It is a remark amounting to a proverb, that there is no blessing so carelessly enjoyed as health: it is only in its absence we learn to estimate its value. When that disregard arises from the necessities of a laborious profession—from the privations of a precarious or inadequate support, it is to be pitied and lamented; but when health is lost through *voluntary* neglect—through vanity and dissipation, the guilty valetudinarian most deservedly meets the pangs of self-reproach, and the censure rather than the pity of his compeers. And here we must observe, as it is to the gentler part of the creation that we direct our labors, that there are not a few among them who fall under this reproach. While conforming to the rules of fashion and of pleasure, health is never allowed to urge its plea. In vain reason argues against the costume that fashion recommends, or the hours that dissipation enjoins. The young and lovely woman of fashion breathes the infected air of crowded rooms night after night, instead of seeking the salutary repose the constitution of her nature requires; and in return sinks into feverish slumbers during those hours when the inartificial beauty of humbler life, is catching health from the pure air

of the young day. This course has consigned thousands to an early grave, and perhaps as many to a premature and protracted old age, to say nothing of the dread account of misused time, and long neglected duties. It is in the tedious and unalleviated period of seclusion incident to disease, that reflection turns over these pages of insolvency, and the trembling bankrupt beholds a creditor wherever she turns her eye, whose demands she is not only unable to meet, but for whose losses she cannot offer even a partial atonement. Religion reminds her of a future state forgotten, or at least, grossly neglected—the feelings of maternity reproach her, as an inattentive guardian, and an unimproving if not baneful example to her natural offspring: torn by a thousand conflicting feelings, she finds time and health are all she wants to enable her to make the reparation for which her heart yearns. But health, like the rose that has been rudely flung away, had lost its bloom, and scattered its sweets, and she sighs over the beautiful ruin she vainly tries to revive, and which she possessed only to destroy. Time, which has so long outrun her, she is hopeless of overtaking, and feels the truth of the axiom, that it “advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent,”—that it is “the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other: but that, like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice, that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late.”

The gradual abridgment of human life, through the successive ages of the world, must be attributed in its first cause to its divine author, who, we may imagine, as the world peopled, saw the efficacy, perhaps necessity, of shortening the duration of man's existence; but, after that, it is to the progress of luxury and refinement we may justly attribute its brevity. The seven kings of Rome reigned longer than the first twenty emperors, and the comparison of the world of fashion and of nature would bear a far greater disproportion. The causes of longevity were one of the subjects of enquiry that particularly interested Chief Justice Willis. Whenever any one came before him of an advanced age, he invariably asked them what were their habits of living. This he practised for a number of years, and found that the

most prominent feature in longevity was, *early rising*, a practice on which too much eulogium cannot be bestowed. It is at once the friend of health and industry, and it is a practice that nature inculcates through all her works. With the first beam of the morning, the flowers unfold their leaves and the birds begin their song—every thing springs to acknowledge the vivifying power of the day, but man,—he has created for himself an artificial sun that can be extinguished and illuminated at pleasure; in vain reason rings the curfew, while fashion and folly lead the revel. But it will be insisted there are others who “waste the midnight oil” besides the children of dissipation—the sons of Genius. Why do they select those insalubrious hours, rather than the more enervating breathings of the morning? Probably because the mind is most active after the observation it has naturally been engaged in during the day, and the undisturbed silence of night invites the mind to labor, because there is then least fear of disturbance and distraction. But, though attended with injurious consequences, a studious life is not unfrequently a long one: the hours of the literary may often, perhaps always, be as irregular as those of the votaries of pleasure, but their passions are less agitated, and their lives more tranquil. *Pythagoras* lived to be a hundred, so did *Hypocrates* and *Sophocles*; *Zeno*, ninety eight, and *Dio-genes*, ninety; and if modern times do not furnish many instances of learned longevity, we must attribute it to the epidemic of Luxury, which has extended its enervating influence from the beau's boudoir, to the closet of the philosopher. Goldsmith held that luxury degenerated mankind, an opinion which Johnson opposed, probably for opposition's sake; the latter contended that luxury only reached a small portion of the people, and that it did not extend to the subordinate and laboring classes. We, however, venture to differ with Johnson, and contend that the influence of luxury and refinement is by no means confined to the higher orders. The great are incontestibly the objects of attraction and imitation to the little: we may every day see instances of the sacrifices that are made in health and comfort by the poor aping the rich: hence springs the practice of making an appearance far beyond the real means; and to the same cause may be traced the inordinate value set

on money. Dr. Johnson was once asked by a young nobleman, what was become of the gallantry and military spirit of the old English nobility? "Why, my lord," he replied, "it has gone into the city to look for a fortune." Many other virtues and qualifications have gone on the same errand, and unfortunately left, or lost, the *whole* of the superior commodity which they carried into the market. Let it not be supposed that we are entering an indiscriminate protest, against luxury and refinement. Our wants are proportioned to our habits; that which is the height of superfluity in *one* class, is only a mere necessary in another. The difference between the savage and civilized life is extreme; and it is false philosophy to endeavour to square the wants of man, in a natural state, with his wants in a civilized one. The progress of civilization has unfolded new faculties and feelings, and the cynic who sneers at the many wants which polished life creates, forgets the perceptions, physical and intellectual, it has drawn forth, and that those wants are a natural and proper consequence attendant upon them.

Those who are inclined to take the world as it is, and wisely resolve to make the best of existing circumstances, are the happiest and the wisest people, but those who are desirous of reform will find that, in most cases, they may spare themselves the labor of laying the axe to the root, by the judicious use of the pruning-knife. There are few evils, whose origin may not be traced to excess. The virtues have their lines of demarkation, in overstepping which, they become vices. Generosity in excess, degenerates into prodigality, and often thenceforward into profligacy; prudence and frugality often wither into selfishness and parsimony, like the weeds of a cold and barren soil, encumbering without benefiting the world; for there will always be this distinction in favor of the spendthrift, that though, like the stream in the fable, he leaves his native channels dry, he dispenses fertility as he flows, and scatters that wealth to the use of others which he himself abuses. It is true, many beside those who merit it, taste his bounty; but it is an alternative infinitely preferable, to that which the spirit of the miser presents. In this brief essay, therefore, it is not pleasure or refinement we condemn, as long as they are within the limits of reason and of virtue; we would not rob life of one

of its innocent, nor society of one of its elegant pleasures, but we would wish to see them enjoyed in a manner consistent with health and moral duty. The most gay, the most volatile must allow, if they give themselves time for a moment's reflection, that the amusements and elegancies of life, however they may be the auxiliaries, are not the *essentials* of existence, and it is surely impolitic (to speak the language of *this* world only) not to provide for the exigencies we cannot avoid; for move as we may, old age will overtake, and death arrest our career. The close of life, awful to all, must be peculiarly so, to the idly-gay, whose whole life has been a pursuit of pleasure; and which, (like the boy in chase of a butterfly), was destroyed by the very eagerness with which they grasped it. As in the time past, they have not aimed at deserving, in that to come they have feeble hope of obtaining, happiness; and their implorings for mercy, are mixed with dreadful apprehensions of the divine Being, against whose commands they have rebelled, and whose bounty they have abused.

BEQUEATHING THE AGUE.

A FARMER, in a parish not far from Liverpool, had been sorely afflicted with the ague for between two and three years; it was sometimes quotidian, sometimes tertian, and for a long time together quartan. This lingering strange disorder had, in short, reduced this poor man to a perfect skeleton; his spirits were exhausted, and nature seemed to be quite worn out: he expected nothing but death; yet as he was, when in health, a jocose merry man, he thought he would appear jocular in his will, which his friends advised him to make. After bequeathing some small legacies, he says, "*Item*, I give and bequeath these plaguy ague fits to Mr. —, the parson of the parish." Whether it was by making this bequest that the fits left him, our readers are at liberty to guess; but leave him they did, and the next day seized upon the poor parson, and handled him severely. The parson, on being told that his neighbor J— had bequeathed them to him in his will, was so much exasperated, that he would not speak to the poor man for some years after.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

No. XIII.

"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire."

MILTON.

THERE is in the human mind a natural tendency to admire that which is extraordinary. Objects possessing the charm of novelty stimulate the intellectual faculties and add considerably to the pleasures of existence. Hence every thing uncommon attracts curiosity, even if it is disagreeable and disgusting. Upon this principle alone can we account for the gratification derived from narratives of shocking accidents, instances of detestable crimes, histories of the horrors of war, or theatrical representations of guilt and misery. Novels and romances containing combinations of events, such as we had never previously conceived, are generally pleasing; and books of voyages and travels, which afford information relative to objects new and strange, and which make us acquainted with the secrets and wonders of nature, interest and amuse beyond most other productions of the press.

This passion for novelty has alone called forth the monsters of earth, air, and water, whose fabulous portraitures adorn, or rather disfigure the pages of ancient writers on zoology. Hence have sprung the broods of dragons and basilisks, tritons, and mermaids, phoenixes, griffons, and unicorns, of which we read so much in the works of Pliny, and his more credulous transcribers. It might have been expected, in an age so enlightened as our own, that the belief in the existence of these imaginary creatures would have been completely exploded. Experience, however, has shewn that there is no delusion too gross for the multitude to swallow. The same eager thirst for the marvellous, which, many years ago, impelled crowds to flock to the theatre to see a man get into a quart bottle, induced numbers of persons, in the course of last year, to pay their money for the sight of an artificial mummy, exhibited under the imposing title of a *genuine mermaid*. This hideous mon-

ster, which was said to have been caught in the Indian seas, plainly appears to have been, in fact, an ingenious composition, formed of the head, chest, and upper limbs of a baboon, and the lower part of a fish, probably of the salmon species. To describe particularly the form, and the structure of this fictitious animal would be unnecessary, familiar as it must be, from the numerous engraved representations of it which have been published. Considered as a manufactured article, it was an object of great curiosity. The people of China and Japan are extremely skilful in executing such deceptions; and from one of those countries there can be no doubt that it was originally procured. Under the usual mode of exhibition within a glass-case, there was nothing to betray the imposition, but the abrupt and incongruous union of the parts of dissimilar animals. The only satisfactory method of ascertaining the real nature of this *mermaid* would have been by dissecting it; a mode of inquiry which was often proposed but never resorted to, as it must have been injurious to the interest of the proprietor.

The popular tales relative to mermen and mermaids, are certainly not without some foundation: for ancient chroniclers tell us of their having been caught alive, and fairly brought ashore, and kept there for some time. It is recorded that in the year 1187 a merman was caught by some fishermen at sea, near Orford, in Suffolk. It was presented to the governor of Orford-castle, and kept in an apartment in that fortress for six months; when it made its escape, got into the sea, and was never heard of afterwards. This story, which borders on the marvellous, probably originated in the capture of an unfortunate Greenlander, or some other savage, on the British coasts.—In 1430, a mermaid was taken at Edam, in West Freezeland, after a storm, which destroyed the dykes in Holland. It was taken to Haerlem, and kept there several years till it died. The Dutch in vain attempted to teach it to speak; and it may therefore be conjectured, that this supposed mermaid was some poor idiot, swept away by the flood, and carried to a distance from any place where she was known. Both these creatures, and others of whom there are similar accounts, are termed mermen and mermaids, only because they were discovered in or near the sea; as their conformation differed in no respect

from that of human beings in general. Stories of this description manifestly originate in the disposition to exaggerate and excite wonder, which is so common among ignorant people, in all ages and countries.—But there are extant, narratives of the appearance of mermaids, which must have had a different source from the preceding. Such is the account given by Smollet, of a merman found dead on a point of land in the province of Nordland, in Sweden, in 1719; for which, however, he does not quote any authority.* The same writer says, that in the year 1723, three fishermen of Elsineur, in Denmark, being examined on oath before the privy-counsellor, Frederic Van Cram, gave information of their having seen a merman, at sea, between the islands of Hveen and Zealand. They were within seven or eight fathoms of it; and observed it for a quarter of an hour. The description given agrees with the similar reports of fishermen on the coasts of Scotland, and are obviously to be referred to some animal of the seal species, with which naturalists are but imperfectly acquainted. The *marmiele* or *marmate*, which Dr. Smollet supposes to be a young animal of the same species, is, according to his account, often caught on hooks by the fishermen of Norway.

ABSTRACTION.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, finding himself extremely cold one evening in winter, drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a large fire had recently been lighted. By degrees, the fire having completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rung his bell with unusual violence. His servant was not at hand at the moment, but he soon made his appearance. By this time, Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted. "Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" he exclaimed, in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and bland philosopher; "remove the grate, before I am burnt to death!" "And pray, master," said the servant, "might you not rather draw back your chair?" "Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."

* Present State of all Nations, 1768. 8vo. Vol. i. pp. 99.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

No. II.

THE PURSE-PROUD MAN.

“ Les grands, surpris, admirent sa hauteur;
Et les petits l'appellent: monseigneur.*”

MOLIERE.

THIS character, the most ridiculous and absurd, the most imbecile and contemptible, of any *in nature*, (if it be not, more properly speaking, *out of nature*,) is principally the growth of great commercial and manufacturing towns and districts. In this country, where wealth is the consequence of commercial enterprize, men of that description frequently occur to our sight; but the metropolis contains by far the greater number. Here, where the conflux of trade, the spirit of enterprize, and the financial schemes of administration, and foreign governments, present to individuals so many opportunities of enriching themselves—where luxury has arrived to its highest pitch, and furnishes to the tradesman, the artist, and the mechanic, continual occupation in ministering to the *follies, vices, and extravagancies* of the age; this perpetual occupation proves a source of wealth to their industry, and in the course of time, elevates them to a state of prosperity, enabling them to vie with their betters, and in some instances, with the first families in the kingdom; by obtaining letters of nobilitation, the honors of knighthood, or civic distinction; by purchasing seats in parliament, and sharing in the distribution of the loaves and fishes, at the disposal of their leader, to whom they thus basely sell their conscience.—Here, in this focus of adventurers, jobbers, contractors, money-lenders,

* The foregoing quotation from Moliere's “Bourgeois devenu Gentilhomme,” paraphrased in English:

The great behold, with wonder and surprise,
His haughty airs; but inwardly despise
The purse-proud fool: while with submissive bow,
Their bashful looks to raise not knowing how,
The little him “your honor” stile;
Rejoiced at his familiar smile.

factors, and agents of all sorts, mostly of plebian origin; and who fatten on the spoils, or the more immediate and ill-requited labor of their honest and meritorious fellow-citizens.— Here, we cannot turn the corner of a street, perambulate the squares, or frequent the places of public and fashionable resort, without meeting one or another of these worthies, whose impudent stare, consequential airs, peacock-like strut, loud and lofty talk, uncourtly manners, senseless pride and vanity; in short, whose *tout ensemble*, so unlike true dignity, will not leave us in a moment's doubt, as to *what they are*, and *what they are not*. In spite of all their efforts to imitate their superiors in rank, though not in fortune, they generally fail in the attempt. The reason is obvious. Sprung, as it were, from nothing, their education, vulgar habits, puny ideas, and coarseness of behaviour, acquired in their former pursuits, disqualify them for the character they wish to assume. Unable, therefore, to shine in the polite world, by those accomplishments, which distinguish the gentleman from the wealthy but ignorant clown, they have recourse to outward splendor, by which they dazzle the crowd, and sometimes attract the notice of the higher classes, who divert themselves at their expence, or court their acquaintance, from motives of interest; while men of sense and real independence, hold their affectation of grandeur in derision and contempt.

The purse-proud man is mostly of a very despotic disposition; capricious, insolent, and overbearing to a degree. He pretends to an exclusive privilege of abusing every one, who is not of his opinion, which, he persuades himself, is at least as infallible as that of the Pope of Rome, and he exacts as much respect for it, as this oracle of the Roman church does for his. To contradict him, therefore, is deemed an unpardonable offence—to convince him, the most difficult task under the sun—and to tell him the truth to his face, the “*ne plus ultra*” of audacity and impertinence, deserving immediate banishment from his presence. He affects the gentleman, yet possesses not a grain of liberal sentiment. He wishes to be thought conscientious and just, but conscience and justice are a mere farce with him. His generosity is nothing more than ostentation. He favors hypocrisy and servility, and is disgusted with candor and high-mindedness. He cherishes the artful, undermining villain, who deceives him; and il-

treats the honest and open-hearted man, who espouses his interest; and while he places unlimited confidence in the former, he entertains the basest suspicions of the latter. His pride, derived from the magnitude of his fortune, is as high and intolerable, as his understanding is low and pitiful. He seems to care for no one, nor is any man's reputation, be it ever so fair, safe in his hands.—Compared to him, such of his brethren, as have by successful industry amassed wealth equal to his own, are but half-bred blackguards, beneath the notice of so polished an individual as Squire Smelfungus. We will not take upon us to say, whether he be a relative of the learned traveller of the same name, mentioned by the facetious Sterne, in his “Sentimental Journey;” but though highly illiterate, he certainly belongs to the cloth, and has all the appearance of a *voyageur*, independently of the closer resemblance he bears to his recorded namesake. Both are remarkable for peevishness, jealousy, envy, dissatisfaction, and “other miserable feelings;” both apt to criticise what is above their comprehension, to decide magisterially, and to give to all things, either said or done by themselves, as well as by others, what color best pleases their wayward fancy. Egotists alike, and selfish, they conceive the world to be made for them alone, and merit, genius, and virtue, no farther entitled to their regard, than as they can render them subservient to their strange whims and unreasonable desires. Duped and pilfered by some cunning rogues in one way or another, both have fallen into that rancorous scepticism, which causes them indiscriminately to look upon every one, who is ill-favored by fortune, and comes within their vortex, as unfit to be trusted, or in other words, as a robber, a ruffian, or a cut-throat. Timidity, modesty, and forbearance, are to them the surest indications of weakness of intellect, incapacity, and insensibility, on which they imagine they may freely exercise every degree of malignity, insolence, and intemperance, without the least fear of provocation in the object of their vituperation. Such men are, indeed, no better than maniacs: They ought to be viewed as scourges, “from which,” (as from all the evils deprecated in the Litany,) we, in common, with every pious Christian, most fervently exclaim, “*Good Lord deliver us!*”

VERAX.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

MEMOIR OF JOHN AIKIN, M.D. By LUCY AIKIN.
With a Selection of his Miscellaneous Pieces, Biographical,
Moral, and Critical. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 416, and 462.

WE are fully of opinion with Miss Aikin "that some of the most instructive and acceptable pieces of biography have been such as derived their interest from the unfolding of character and sentiment, rather than the bustle of incident or the splendor of description." Few men are born to be statesmen, or to wield the rod of power, but every man is born to the discharge of the relative and social duties of life.—Every book, therefore, which exhibits these duties in active operation, or unfolds the harmony, peace, and comfort, which they are calculated to secure to the family circle, as well as to the individual, prefers powerful claims on our attention—Among this number we feel gratified in placing Miss Aikin's memoir of her deceased father. We shall give a general view of the biography, and close our notice of the work by a few observations, which its perusal has suggested to us.

Dr. Aikin, the brother of Mrs. Barbauld, and the only son of the Rev. Dr. Aikin, was born in the village of Kibworth-Harcourt, in Leicestershire, on January 15, 1747.—The weakness of his voice, and the native vivacity of his temper, changed his pursuits from theology to medicine.—After three years spent in the drudgery of apprenticeship to an apothecary at Uppingham, he removed to Edinburgh, in order to the better prosecution of his medical studies.—Here he enjoyed every advantage which that eminent medical school could then confer; boasting, as it then did, the names of Black, Monro, and Cullen, among its professors. At Manchester, Dr. Aikin commenced his medical career, as a pupil of Mr. White, an eminent surgeon of that town. After a residence here of three years, he removed to London, in order to an attendance of a few months on the hospital lectures, and became one of the class of Dr. William Hunter. Various considerations pointed out Warrington to him as an eligible permanent residence.—Here he enjoyed, not only a fair share of professional practice, but what, to a man of

his temper, habits, and learning was scarcely less necessary, the society of many eminent literary characters, who, at that time, presided, in different departments, over the Dissenting Academy there.

The numerous competitors by whom he was on every side surrounded, soon convinced him that, as a surgeon, he could not, in his then situation, attain that eminence or income to which his talents might fairly entitle him. He therefore gave up his practice, and graduated at Leyden as a physician.—Warrington and Yarmouth, were successively tried, but both proved unpropitious places for his new scheme: acting therefore under the advice of his friends, Dr. Aikin removed to London, where he had scarcely got settled, when the unexpected death of the only physician at Yarmouth, induced an application to be made to him by all the respectable inhabitants, requesting his return, and promising their support—nor, on the whole, had he occasion to regret compliance with this request—Writing, soon after his removal thither, to his friend, Dr. Haygarth, he says, “with regard to the respect with which I am treated, and the emoluments I enjoy, I find my situation fully equal to my expectations.”

Some years after, Dr. Aikin's political opinions giving offence to the clergy at Yarmouth, they commenced so active an opposition against him, as to render a removal, at first desirable, and subsequently necessary. “Had I not been,” he writes, “a victim to party-bigotry in this place, a removal would have been on many accounts desirable, and principally on account of the want of stimulus, and indifference to every thing, which was creeping on me.” With these sentiments, Dr. Aikin removed once more to London, where he took a house in Broad-street-buildings, in which he assembled his family in the spring of 1792, and commenced his career in the capacity of a London physician. It does not appear that, as a physician, he ever attained much celebrity; though, from his united labors as a licentiate of medicine and as a writer, he was enabled to maintain his family with honor and respectability. After several years of indefatigable attention to his various engagements, symptoms of disease created in the minds of himself and family many anxious fears; insomuch that he found it expedient to retire from London; he, therefore, gave up his house in Broad-street-buildings, to the occupation of his sons,

and in October 1798, removed to Stoke-Newington, where he continued to reside to the end of his life.—In this retirement Dr. Aikin continued, through many years, to indulge his own literary turn, and to benefit the public by a variety of publications, which have given him a high rank among the literary characters of this country. The life of a scholar admits but of few incidents worthy of particular mention; and Dr. Aikin was then a scholar in retirement. Nothing, therefore, is mentioned of him, till the death of his youngest son, which he felt most keenly, and which evidently tended to hasten his own.—A severe stroke of the palsy had deprived him, for a time, of the use of his faculties, and nearly of the power of speech; he was, however, at this period, slowly regaining his health, and with it his mental powers. This he felt was only a respite, not to be relied upon for a day or an hour, and his family had the grief to witness his spirits gradually sinking, under a slow, but sure decay, of all his capacities of usefulness or enjoyment, till a stroke of apoplexy closed the scene, on December 7, 1822.

The Biography, of which the preceeding lines are an epitome, occupies but a part of the first volume: the remainder, with the whole of the second, being a collection of his smaller and detached publications. On these our limits will not allow us to remark; and we must close this article, with two or three observations, suggested by a perusal of these volumes.

Upon reading the bare catalogue of Dr. Aikin's literary productions we feel amazed at the indefatigable exertion which he must have employed. The mere transcription of them would exhaust a life. The compass of his reading could not fail to be extensive, but we are astonished at its depth and its variety.—It is not enough, that the patience of literary labor could have supplied the time and the trouble; but the mind which could digest, arrange, and analyze, this mass of learning, must have possessed acuteness, and solidity, and depth, beyond most others.—

We are, moreover, delighted with the exhibition which this memoir affords of the power of principle in the human breast, and of the support which independence of mind never fails to receive from the *mens conscia recti*. We do not advocate the sentiments of Dr. Aikin on every subject, we think him in error on some points, even of importance, yet

we cannot but admire the honest freedom with which he professed and supported his opinions; and the ready sacrifice which he made of fame and wealth, to what he deemed his duty. Nor does he ever appear to express or even to feel the least regret at this painful circumstance. There was an habitual cheerfulness, a holy peace, a benevolent feeling, which pervaded all he did, and said; and which rendered him as amiable in private life, as he was distinguished in literature and science.

Another remark which we will make, and it is by no means an unimportant one, is, that these volumes add another testimony to the oft-asserted truth, that wealth and happiness are not convertible terms. Dr. Aikin, we are convinced, possessed within himself the means of attaining high professional rank and affluent circumstances, but he sacrificed these splendid prospects to his love of general science and learning; and no man of education will deny, that he received an abundant recompense in the literary reputation to which he attained, and the self-satisfaction and peace which he enjoyed.

In closing these volumes we must express to Miss Aikin our obligation, in common with the public, for the pleasure we have received from their perusal; and for the very satisfactory manner in which she has discharged the filial duty of embalming, in a very pleasing memoir, the remembrance of her father's virtues and learning.

REMARKS ON THE COUNTRY extending from Cape Palmas to the River Congo, including Observations on the Manners and Customs of the inhabitants: with an Appendix, containing an account of the European Trade with the West Coast of Africa. By Captain John Adams. London, 1823. 8vo. pp. 265.

THE "Remarks" of Captain Adams, on a portion of the globe, concerning which so much has been written by speculative men, who never stirred out of their closets in quest of information, derive peculiar interest from the circumstance of their being the result of actual observation. The degraded inhabitants of the South-western coast of Africa, have long been known to Europeans, as regular traders in the flesh and blood of their fellow-creatures; and, occasionally, even of their countrymen, friends, and kindred. To the reproach of

civilized society, it must be allowed, that the wretched natives of the torrid zone were, for centuries, encouraged, by the enlightened professors of Christianity, to kidnap and sell each other as slaves. That disgraceful traffic has, however, been checked; and measures have been taken to improve the moral and political condition of the African negroes. With this view the settlement of Sierra Leone was formed. The situation of this place has been found to be extremely unhealthy; on which, and on other accounts, it is much to be apprehended that its establishment may fail to answer its intended purpose. Mr. Adams, in the publication before us, recommends the trading town of Malemba, as a spot much better adapted for colonization than Sierra Leone; especially on account of the salubrity of the climate, when compared with other stations on the coasts. But the *Remarks* of this intelligent writer extend to many other subjects; and afford much information relative to the country which he has visited, and the various tribes by whom it is inhabited. As a specimen of Mr. Adams's work, we select the following passage, describing the ceremonies used at the admission of a female into the order of priesthood, among the people of Grewhe.

"A young female, generally the daughter of a Fetiche man or priest, is selected for the purpose, who undergoes a probationary penance that continues six months, previous to her admission into holy orders. During this period, she is initiated by the priests into all the mysteries and chicanery of the religion of their forefathers, which consisted in the worship of the black and white snake, and in the mummery of giving sanctity to bones, rags, &c.

"When she appears in public during the period of her probation, her manner is grave and solemn; her skin is painted with a kind of white clay; rows of shells, of various forms and sizes, are hung upon her neck, arms, and ancles; and her loins are girt with long grass, which reaches to her knees. A dwelling is provided for her, in which she eats and sleeps alone, and into which none are admitted but Fetiche men and women.

"At the expiration of the six months, a large assemblage of men, women, and children, accompanied by the various orders of priesthood, and the musicians belonging to the town, takes place in an open space of ground, to assist at, and also to witness, the last grand ceremony.

“Soon after assembling, the women form a circle by joining hands, among whom are the companions of the novitiate's youth, and also her relations, who commence dancing circularly, reversing the movements alternately, after making one complete circle. The dancing is accompanied by the most barbarous and horrid din imaginable, caused by the musicians beating on drums, tomtoms, gongs, and blowing horns manufactured out of elephant's teeth and reeds; to which are added, the most strange and uncouth grimaces and contortions of the faces and bodies of the priests, so that a spectator might easily imagine them to be a number of maniacs, who had been turned loose to give effect to the ceremony: and were it not for the presence of the little children, who look on with fear and astonishment depicted in their countenances, it would be no bad representation of Pandemonium.

“The novitiate, soon after dancing commences, is brought out, by apparent force, from a little hut which had concealed her from the spectators, and placed in the centre of the circle formed by the dancing females, from whom she endeavors to escape to the hut whence she had been brought, and this she is allowed to accomplish. This ceremony is repeated three times; an incantation is then delivered by the chief priest, and the farce ends.”

This book affords a good deal more interesting intelligence, some of which we should be tempted to lay before our readers, if we were not prevented by the narrow limits to which we must confine this article. Captain Adams, without any great pretensions as a writer, has produced a pleasing and useful volume.

INFLUENCE AND EXAMPLE: or the RECLUSE. A Tale.

By the Author of *Dangerous Errors*. London, 1823. 12mo. pp. 236.

THE motives and principles which actuate the author of this Volume meet our hearty approval; but we do not see in what way the story justifies the title—The limits to which we are, necessarily, confined do not admit of even an abridged outline of the Tale before us, nor are there any passages which would admit of being extracted. We must, therefore, refer our readers to the book itself, if they desire a know-

ledge of its contents; and if our testimony in its favor be any recommendation, that testimony we most willingly bear. The characters, generally, are well drawn; the story is not deficient in interest; nor are the circumstances marked by that monstrous improbability which often lessens the pleasure we anticipate from similar publications.

The heroine of the Tale, though not an every day person, is yet one, in most particulars, whose counterpart we could, without difficulty, find in real life. We see in Clara Aubign one of those characters with whom, if we are not familiar, we are, at least, not unacquainted—her virtues are those of woman; her good qualities are not exaggerated, nor are her failings suppressed—We fear, however, that fashionable life affords but too many instances of that duplicity, treachery, and frivolity, by which the character of Sir Edward Ravenscroft was marked and disgraced.

Approving the principles of this little volume, we again give it our cordial recommendation; at the same time that justice compels us to state that its literary pretensions are but humble, which benevolent readers will, we are assured, excuse, for the sake of that moral benefit it is so calculated to confer on the rising generation.

NEW RUSSIA. Journey from Riga to the Crimea, by way of Kieo; with some account of the Colonization, and the Manners and Customs of New Russia. To which are added, Notes relating to the Crim Tartars. By Mary Holderness. 1823. 8vo. pp. 316. With Plates.

THIS volume demands more than the summary notice, which is all that we can at present afford it.—Mrs. Holderness possessed peculiar facilities for observing the country and the people whom she describes; and it is but justice to her to acknowledge that she has made good use of her time and talents, and produced a work which adds to our stock of useful information. She was not a mere hasty traveller through the Crimea, but a fixed resident at the village of Karagoss in that country, from the beginning of 1816 till March 1820. The "Notes relating to the Crim Tartars" have been previously published; but the "Journey from Riga" now makes its first appearance.—We must dismiss this interesting production, with the intention of taking farther notice of it in our next number.

HERALDIC ANOMALIES; or Rank Confusion in our Orders of Precedence; with Disquisitions, Moral, Philosophical, and Historical, on all the existing Orders of Society. By It matters not Who. 1823. 8vo. 2 vols.

HERALDY is a study which can have but few admirers beyond the class of professional amateurs. Nothing can be duller than specifications of armorial bearings, descriptions of cognizances and devices, and tedious genealogical memoranda of persons long since forgotten, all but their names. Of such materials the work before us does *not* consist. The author, whoever he is,* was determined to treat his subject in such a manner as to render it a source of amusement; he has, therefore, by no means adhered rigidly to his theme, but has expatiated freely amidst the wilds of literature, gathering flowers wherever they could be found. Though some of these are not of the choicest description, yet they altogether form a *bouquet* agreeable enough.—We shall cull a single specimen from the author's collection, which we present to our female readers, not as the best or most lively extract which these pages would yield, but as an article of peculiar interest to the ladies.—

“ DAUGHTERS OF PEERS.

“THE order of precedence as it affects the daughters of Peers, has something very strange in it. It may not perhaps be generally known, that unmarried daughters have always the same rank as their *eldest* brother, during the lifetime of the father; and this independent of the particular title which by courtesy the brother may bear. A Duke's eldest son, for instance, ranks as a Marquess; consequently all his sisters, *unmarried*, have the rank of Marchionesses, though he himself should be nominally but an Earl or Baron. For the title of Marquess being less ancient than the latter, is not the second title of the oldest and highest Dukes of the realm. The Duke of Norfolk's eldest son is only *Earl* of Surrey, and the Duke of Somerset's eldest son but *Baron* Seymour. Still their daughters would all rank as Marchionesses

* It has been stated that these volumes were written by Dr. Nares, who published several years ago a work with a title somewhat analogous, “Thinks I to myself.”

till they married, and under particular circumstances, even afterwards! which forms one of the strangest anomalies of all. For if a Duke had *ten* daughters, *three* of whom were to marry *Earls*, *three Viscounts*, and *three Barons*, and the *tenth* and *youngest* should marry her father's footman, the latter would retain her rank of Marchioness, and go before all her elder sisters, though every one of them were Peeresses.

“For in marrying Commoners, they do not cease to be Duke's daughters; they retain their original rank, without elevating their husbands: which latter circumstance is a point to be attended to, to obviate such mistakes as a certain foreigner of low condition is said to have fallen into, when he married a *Lady Betty*, of a very ancient and distinguished family. He had entirely calculated upon becoming *Lord Betty*.

“I should wish to have leave to state a case particularly illustrative of the confusion arising from the daughters of Dukes, Marquesses, &c.—Let us *suppose*, as the Sexagenarian would say, (I am not prepared to *deny* that the case has *really happened*) but only let us at present *suppose*, that the younger son of a Duke, Lord Francis, should marry the daughter of a Duke,

Lady Frances;

being a Commoner, his Lordship's rank, as the youngest son of a Duke, would be *below a Viscount*, while her Ladyship, continuing a Duke's daughter, might assume the rank of Marchioness; all depending on the retention or discharge of a single letter; little *e* for little *i*! If after marriage her Ladyship should choose to call herself by the name of her lord, Lady Francis, she would go below Viscountesses; if, (which she would have a full right to do) she should retain her own name, and call herself Lady Frances, she would *precede* not only Viscountesses but Countesses. However, the confusion *might not* stop here. Let us farther suppose that his Majesty should be pleased to call the noble Lord up to the House of Peers, by the title of *Baron So-and-so*—how strange would the state of things be now. By their *elevation* to the peerage, (for so it must be regarded) his Lordship would absolutely lose *one* step, and her Ladyship *three*, in the order of precedence.”

HAZELWOOD-HALL; a Village Drama, in Three Acts.
By Robert Bloomfield. 1823. pp. 72.

IN a modest preface, the author states an accidental circumstance from which this drama derives its name: in it, also, he disclaims any "pretensions to a knowledge of the dramatic unities, or of what is called stage effect." Notwithstanding, however, that Mr. Bloomfield is but a novice in the art of dramatic writing, he has presented us with a little village drama, sufficiently interesting to induce us to wish we may, ere long, meet him again in this same path of literature. That the reader "will not find in it either an oath, a pun, or an innuendo," is to us its recommendation. No parent can wish to conceal it from his children, and the most modest reader of the Ladies Museum will find nothing to offend her taste, or to create a blush.—Of the literary merit of this drama, it would be too much to say it tends to increase the author's reputation: there is obviously a want of incident throughout, and even of the little we have, some is, evidently, improbable. Notwithstanding these deficiencies, we cannot but commend the Drama, and wish the author every success, in his design to amuse his readers, without putting either good morals or good breeding to the blush.

EDWARD NEVILLE; or the Memoirs of an Orphan.
In 4 vols. 1823. 12mo. pp. 514, 424, 442, 418.

WE find in this publication the common materials of a work of fiction. The hero, an orphan of dubious parentage, obtaining distinction by his talents: the heroine, a young lady of transcendant rank, wealth, and beauty; with a proper accompaniment of poverty on one side, and haughty relatives on the other. The adventures of the parties, and their ultimate triumph over the obstacles which opposed their union, are all in the usual stile.—The most glaring fault in this work is the highly improbable absurdity of conduct imputed to some of the characters. On the other hand, it ought to be stated, that the third volume contains some interesting details of a part of a campaign in Spain, under Lord Wellington.—Altogether, the work is not destitute of amusement.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR AUGUST, 1823.

THE King continues to suffer from the attacks of his old and distressing complaint, the gout. He was seized with a fit on the 31st of last month, so suddenly, as to prevent the departure of some of his Majesty's suite, for whom the carriage was waiting, to convey them to Portsmouth. An express was immediately dispatched for Sir H. Halford, in Leicestershire. Happily, the violence of the paroxysm soon subsided: the King has since been able to ride out in his carriage; and on the 8th inst. was well enough to receive a large dinner party, invited to meet the Duke of Cumberland, and the Prince of Salms, previous to the departure of their Royal Highnesses for Germany. The former of these princes is threatened with the melancholy affliction of loss of sight. He is quite blind in his left eye, and the power of vision in the other, is so much impaired, as to render it necessary for his Royal Highness to use a magnifying-glass, and occasionally a stick. The celebration of his Majesty's birth, as a festival at Court, being transferred to another season, the day on which he was born, (August 12,) was distinguished only by the entertainment of a private party at Carlton-palace.

The Duke of Wellington, on the 20th, set off for the Netherlands, to inspect the line of fortresses on the frontiers of that country. His departure had been delayed in consequence of official business connected with the Ordnance department. His Grace reached Dover in the evening, and the next day, after viewing the works in and about the harbour and basin of that sea-port, embarked on board the *Britannia* steam vessel for Calais.

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS.—The state of affairs in Spain is still quite problematical; and it is impossible to anticipate the termination of the contests for power, between the different parties, in that unhappy country. The Paris papers state that an arrangement, between the Duke d' Angouleme and

the Cortes, is nearly concluded; which report has had a favorable effect on the French funds. A recognition of the loans raised by the Cortes in England, is said to be among the terms of this pacification. The sanguine expectations of peace, indulged at Paris, do not, however, receive support from any intelligence which has hitherto been received from Cadiz.

A decree, or proclamation, has been published by the Duke d'Angouleme, severely reprobating the conduct of the Madrid Regency, in imprisoning persons on account of their political principles: the authenticity of this paper, which was at first doubtful, has been fully established, by the last arrivals from Paris.

In an official report of Marshal Oudinot, it is stated, that General Bourek had planted batteries against Corunna, and that they would be ready to open on the 6th inst. previous to which, the garrison was to be summoned. Vigo has been surrendered to Morillo and Larochejaquelin. Sir Robert Wilson had withdrawn to one of the Bayonne islands, whence he was taken by the Nassau merchant vessel, in which he sailed to Lisbon. Corunna, according to the latest accounts, still holds out against the enemy, though closely besieged.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.—Among the occurrences which have excited attention in the metropolis during the present month, one of the most remarkable, is the murder, or suicide, of a woman named Eliza Anthony. She had been bar-maid at the Union-tavern, Air-street, Piccadilly; and whilst in that situation, she formed an intimate connexion with one Dyson, a waiter in the same house. They both left their situations with the intention to be married, but the mother of the young woman, opposing it, and the man failing in his attempts to obtain employment, the unfortunate couple resided together for some time, in Sherrard-street, Golden-square. Dyson was also connected with another woman named Bell, who passed for his wife, in Jermyn-street. He and Eliza Anthony being obliged to leave their lodgings in Sherrard-street, from inability to pay for them, went one evening to the lodgings of Mrs. Bell in Jermyn-street, and from thence to the Haymarket-theatre. According to Dyson's account, the young woman and he, after the play, walked towards Westminster-bridge, with a design to drown themselves, and thus escape from the poverty and distress which their imprudence had

brought upon them. In the middle of the night he returned to Jermyn-street alone, giving an obscure account of his having fallen into the water from the boat, with the unfortunate female, who was drowned, in spite of his efforts to save her. The body of Eliza Anthony was found, some days after, in the Thames, near Chelsea. On the 2nd inst. a coroner's inquest was held, when a number of persons attended, to give evidence relative to this melancholy affair. Circumstances appearing to attach suspicion to the conduct of Dyson, the jury brought in a verdict of *wilful murder* against him; and he was accordingly committed to Tothill-fields prison for trial.

On the 8th inst. William Donallan was executed at Maidstone, pursuant to his sentence for the murder of his wife, by drowning her in a well, at Chatham, in 1818. The man was then a soldier, quartered in the barracks, and the crime, as he confessed after his conviction, was committed in a moment of passion. The body of his victim was discovered three weeks after, when he was discharged from his regiment, and had left the neighbourhood. He for some time escaped detection; but being recognized by an old comrade, his behaviour excited suspicions of his guilt, and he was consequently arrested, at Clanmorris, in the county of Mayo, in Ireland, where he had resided.

A robbery of an extraordinary nature has been committed at Lambeth-palace. In the absence of the Archbishop and Mrs. Sutton from town, a party of thieves, during the night, getting in at one of the windows, broke open the principal rooms, and ransacked the closets, desks, and cabinets. The plate, and other valuables, having been removed for security to Messrs. Rundell and Bridge's, the depredators were disappointed in their hopes of plunder. Though much damage was done by forcing and destroying chests, and other depositories, it is supposed that the value of the property taken away, did not amount to more than five pounds. An active search after the offenders has been instituted by the police-officers; but, hitherto, without success.

A complaint was preferred at Marlborough-street office, on the 16th of this month, against Mr. Poole, coal-merchant, of Honduras-wharf. He was charged by Colonel Burroughs, of Hill-street, Berkeley-square, with sending in to him a quan-

tity of coal, of an inferior kind to that which he had purchased and paid for. The defendant, who did not make his appearance to answer to the charge, was convicted in a penalty of £20 and costs. It is to be hoped that this wholesome example may tend to check the unfair practices of the advertizing dealers in cheap coal, whose impositions are alike injurious to the public and the regular trader.

A horrid outrage has lately been committed in Caernarvonshire. A man and his wife, who were frequently quarrelling, lived alone in a cottage near Bangor. On the morning of the 14th. persons in an adjoining house were disturbed by a noise, which resembled people struggling. On entering the cottage, the man was found dead, with his throat cut, and other wounds upon his face and hands. The woman also was wounded in the arms; which she asserted to have happened in trying to prevent her husband from murdering himself. She had, however, neglected to call for assistance, and in other respects subjected herself to suspicion, in consequence of which she was committed to prison, to await her trial for the supposed murder.

At Lancaster assizes, on the 18th inst. Andrew Riding, a cotton spinner, of Preston, was tried for an attempt to assassinate I. Horrocks, Esq. M. P. by attacking him in the street, and striking him several blows with a cleaver, on Sunday, the 27th. of July, as he was returning from church. The facts with which the prisoner was charged were fairly proved; but it appeared that the man labored under a degree of mental derangement, and he was consequently ordered to be kept in custody during his Majesty's pleasure.

A multitude of persons, to the number, it is supposed, of 50,000, assembled at Fentonville, on the 18th. to witness the ascent of Mr. Graham, in a balloon, from the gardens of White Conduit house. Owing to the balloon being made of improper materials, it could not be perfectly distended; and it was, therefore, let off half filled, without the car in which the aeronaut was to have ascended. The people without the gardens, disappointed of their expected amusement, became riotous, broke down the paling which surrounded the premises, and are said to have done damage to the amount of £200. The disturbance was at length quelled, and some of the rioters taken into custody.

THE DRAMA.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

THE Melo-drama intitled "Presumption, or the fate of Frankenstein," has been performed at this theatre with great success. *Frankenstein* is a German student, skilled in the occult sciences, who, after laboring many years, forms from the relics of the charnel-house and the dissecting-room, a human being, and endues it with life. This monstrous creation becomes the tormentor of his maker, and the enemy of mankind; and after a series of adventures, he kills Frankenstein himself, and is at the same moment destroyed by a fall of an avalanche on the Alps. The monster was represented by Mr. T. P. Cooke, who gave much effect to the bold and romantic delineation of the author. The whole piece, in spite of the unnatural singularity of its subject, possesses a deep and appalling interest.

On the 7th inst. a Farce in two acts, called "I will have a Wife," was exhibited here for the first time. The plot of this little piece turns on the embarrassments of *Admiral Fire-drake*, a retired naval officer, rather advanced in years. This gentleman, resolving to take a wife, invites three young ladies to his country seat, that he may make choice of one of them. He declares his wishes to them in succession, and finds each lady pre-engaged; so that he has no resource but to marry an old lady, whom he had invited as companion for the young ones. This little piece is a translation from the French by Mr. Planché. It was well performed; and was announced for repetition, with much applause.

A considerable addition has been made to the attractions of this theatre by the appearance of Mr. Matthews, whose peculiar exhibitions have often drawn hither admiring audiences. On the 18th inst. he performed, what is rather strangely styled a *Monopologue*, intitled "The Polly Packet," after which, he acted *Morbieu*, in the farce of *Monsieur Tonson*.

This, which was his first appearance in the Drama for six years past, has been followed by similar displays of his abilities in other favorite characters.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE new after piece, previously announced, intitled "Spanish Bonds, or Wars in Wedlock," was performed at this house on the 2nd. inst. but *without success*.—Another little piece, called "Sweethearts and Wives," brought out here, was received with much approbation, and has been repeatedly acted. The principal character is Billy Lackaday, a sentimental waiter, involved in difficulties, and rendered ridiculous, by romantic affectation.—We have still reason to complain of the want of novelty in the exhibitions at the Haymarket. The mass of histrionic talent, collected here, might surely be employed in communicating more gratification to the public, than it has hitherto been; where the fault rests we will not pretend to determine.

NEW SURREY THEATRE.

THIS theatre opened for the winter season on Monday evening, the 18th, under the management of Mr. Smith. During the recess, the interior has undergone an entire alteration, and presents a particularly splendid and tasteful appearance. Much as has been done to please the eye, the comfort of the audience has been equally attended to. We regret that our limits this month, prevent us giving a more particular description. We recognised several old favourites among the performers; who, throughout the evening's entertainment, which consisted of "Antigone, or the Theben Brothers," "Winning a Husband, or Seven's the Main," and "Black and White, or which is Thomas?" performed their various characters with credit, particularly Mrs. M. Barrymore, who personated seven characters in one piece, with considerable effect, and elicited unceasing applause. On the whole, the house bids fair to stand foremost among our minor places of amusement.

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Fashionable Morning & Walking Dresses for Sept.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

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FOR SEPTEMBER, 1823.

MORNING DRESS.

A DRESS of plain jaconaut muslin, finished round the throat by a full net frill, surmounted by a narrow satin *rouleau*: fancy long sleeves trimmed at the top with a full puffing, and confined with inlets of openwork:—the waist is finished by a broad welted band, and steel buckle. The bottom of the skirt has two superb scalloped flounces, headed by a narrow *rouleau* of the same passing between each flounce and trimming. The cap is composed of net and blond, with a full double trimming of rich scalloped lace, intermixed with lavender colored riband, and fastened under the chin with a full bow of the same. Lavender-colored gloves.

WALKING DRESS.

A SILK pelisse composed of bright lavender color. The sleeves are long and narrow, and finished at the wrist by a narrow cuff of scalloped piping. The top of the sleeve is full and confined with broad satin piping in the centre.

The bottom of the skirt is finished by a full wadded hem, surmounted by a novel and elegant trimming of satin leaves to correspond with the color of the dress. With this elegant pelisse is worn a white satin bonnet, completed round the edge with an elegant French flower placed in front; also a small French kerchief and broad belt, yellow kid gloves, and morocco reticule.

These elegant dresses were invented by Miss PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE metropolis is now visibly thinned of most of its gay inhabitants: before following them to their rural retreats, we shall give a brief detail of the last modes of the season.

Pelisses of bright and delicate summer colors are almost universal, especially at friendly dinner parties: petticoats of cambric or India muslin, of the richest kind, in fine embroidery, and generally flounced with lace, are worn with them; and as the pelisses are made to fly open, they form a most elegant costume, especially for young married ladies. A pelisse also is worn, which is expected will be very general this season at the different watering places: it is composed of fine Indian muslin, worked in very small flowers, and it is lined with some delicate color of a very light shade. The trimming consists of silk cordon, the color of the lining, and ornamented down the side and round the border with a profusion of Brussels' lace. The sleeves are rather full, and the *mancherons* consist of points edged with fine narrow lace: a silk belt of corded riband, the color of the lining, fastens in front with a polished steel buckle. White satin spencers are much worn in carriages, particularly in those friendly dinner excursions which now take place so frequently in the country. Shawl kerchiefs of white lace, in beautiful patterns, are very general when the weather is fine.

Leghorn bonnets of the village shape, crowned with field-flowers, are generally worn for morning walks. The bonnets are of white *Gros de Naples*, ornamented with marabout feathers: they continue in the same beautiful and becoming shape as last month; wide in front, and placed very far backward. Flowers and feathers, as ornaments, are in general estimation; gauze trimmings on straw hats are more in favor than riband: the bright lavender-grey gauze in puffings on white chip hats has a delicate and pleasing effect: between each puff is a sprig of white lilac.

White is now more general, as the season advances. No kind of dress is better suited to the young, particularly in the rural scene. Married ladies, however, still prefer summer silks of slight sarcenet or of levantine. The trimming on

dresses continues to be light and appropriate to the season. A new kind of ornament at the border of dresses is much in favor: it consists of a full *rouleau* of satin, round which are entwined leaves shaped like those of the laurel. *Rouleaux* in festoons are greatly admired, as ornaments on the borders of silk dresses; and numerous small flounces, put on in bias, are very prevalent on white dresses.

A new turban of mixed gauze is much admired; the elevated part is composed of Cheville gauze, and the other part which is of white gauze is diversified with pink satin stripes. Flowers and ornamental combs are worn by the young ladies at the balls in the country, the hair presenting a mass of beautifully simple curls, with ringlets depending from the comb. Dress hats are now more worn than turbans by married ladies; they are of fancy chip or satin, and ornamented with feathers; on a transparent hat of stiffened net and satin a full bouquet is worn. The most fashionable caps now prevalent are composed of beautiful colored ribands; they are made of various tasteful shapes so as to suit either hat or bonnet. The morning caps tie under the chin, with broad colored riband to suit those worn with the dress.

The favorite articles in jewellery are rubies, turquois stones, and emeralds. Numerous rings are worn, and these from the principal ornaments of value, except in grand costume.

The principal colors for turbans and ribands are the green of the young laurel-leaf, pink, and lemon-color. For pelisses, spencers, and dresses, pink, primrose, marshmallow-blossom, lavender-grey, and green.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THE weather in Paris, has assumed a milder appearance since last month, yet notwithstanding its warmth, velvet spencers, of delicate summer colors, have been sported by such of the Parisian fashionables as remain in town: they are ornamented across the bust with a curious antique kind of ornament supplying the place of Brandenburgs, and are formed of *rouleaux* of satin, laid on straight across; each *rouleau* is ornamented with tufts of silk, and terminated by a cockle-

shell of *Gros de Naples*: the sleeves are made tight to the arm, and the *mancherous* puckered out full, but confined by bands and cockle-shells, to correspond with the ornaments across the bust. A fine muslin collar, edged with lace, falls over the throat.

The hats are of cotton manufacture with narrow brims, and are placed very much backward: the favorite ornament on these hats is a branch of oak, with acorns. The strings are placed under the hat, and are of gauze riband, with branches of oak painted on it; these tie in a large bow on one side. Carriage hats are made of straw gauze, and are ornamented with a branch of holly. Hats of rice straw are placed on one side, and are trimmed with a triple row of ribands forming a fan. Marabout feathers are also spread out like a fan. Leghorn bonnets are trimmed with very broad riband, and white veils are worn with them, in drape-ry; these veils are of figured gauze; the strings are placed under the bonnet, and are of broad satin ribbon; they are tied loose, and formed into a small bow terminating at the girdle. Rice straw hats are ornamented with ribbons of figured gauze, in colors, with a large rosette of the same underneath: the hat is crowned by a half wreath of blue bells.

White dresses of Cyprus gauze, or of clear muslin, are much worn; they have ten broad tucks, terminating above the knee, and the hem is trimmed with a row of lace, set on plain. Short sleeves are very full. White Barège silk dresses, trimmed with narrow *rouleaux* of fire color, and the waist ornamented in front, *en demi-chevrons*, are much admired.

Dress hats are worn at parties, with a plume of white feathers, each feather tipped by the eye of a peacock's feather: this plume covers part of the crown, and falls tastefully over the shoulders. The caps are trimmed with blond, and have broad lappets; they are ornamented by diadems of honeysuckles and sweet peas.

Half-boots are much in fashion, of a color completely at variance with that of the dress. The parasols are ornamented with very broad fringes. The favorite colors are rose pink, mignonette leaf-green, and a new yellow kind of brown.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE FOLLOWING LINES

Were written by a Pauper in the House of Industry, in Cork, when above seventy years of age, on occasion of the death of Mr. Richard Day, the superintendant.

LOUD was the cry, and misery felt the shock,
When o'er this mournful house, with blasting hand,
The grizly tyrant with uplifted stroke
Waved the dire signal, and did him demand.

Ah, pallid spectre, clad with power supreme;
Ah, ghastly harbinger of death and woe!
Why o'er these walls thy bleeding banners gleam?
Why level here thy cruel, fatal blow?

Could not a mother, and three infant sons,
The babe unborn, plead for a longer stay?
Ah, no, alas! the fatal dart was given,
And Richard's generous soul is fled away.

'Twas Heav'n's will, and who shall dare complain?
Infinite Wisdom never does amiss;
Death but released him from a world of pain,
To soar to regions of eternal bliss.

—————Lamented shade,
You ne'er didst slight the widow's plaint,
Withhold their morsel from the poor,
Refuse assistance to the faint,
Or spurn them hopeless from the door—

Deaf to the friendless orphan's cry,
You ne'er did steel a stubborn breast;
Provoke the tear from misery's eye,
Nor mock the wants of worth distressed.

But when he changed this tenement of clay,
 His Saviour call'd, and he must sure obey.
 See choirs of seraphs waft him thro' the sky,
 To the bright regions of felicity;
 There to obtain that bright reward in heaven,
 Which to such faithful stewards will be giv'n.

LINES WRITTEN ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND.

If a smile should appear,
 Through the sorrowing tear,
 When such true hearts are fated to sever;
 'Tis hope does enlighten,
 The features that brighten,
 For it whispers, "we part not for ever!"

On the cold bed of death,
 When resigning my breath,
 Though I part from thy image with sorrow;
 Still fond hope will beguile,
 My pale lips of a smile,
 When I think of eternity's morrow!

YOUTH.—A SKETCH.

OH, yes! it was a season beautiful;
 A time of sweetness, music, verdure, flowers,
 When bright-eyed youth, in innocence, could cull
 A posie of delight in Frolic's bowers.
 Ah! then; nor of the snake that lurked beneath
 Earth's loveliest pleasures—nor of satiety
 It ever dream'd; but gaily bound the wreath
 About its brows, and sought variety
 Around the bright parterre. The snow, the hail,
 The storm of winter, all have beat upon
 These lovely scenes: and we must now bewail
 The days—the scenes of youth—for ever gone!
 Where look we now to find such joys re-given,
 Earth's happy sinless youth—is doubly pure in heaven.

Kilmarnock, July 23d, 1823.

ANNABELLA.

HARRY'S GRAVE.

BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

My gentle love is long at rest,
And I should joy that he were so;
Yet oh, how lonely is the breast,
That has no sharer in its woe!
The sunny hours of joyous bliss
Invite and win the smile of all,
But such a cold sad tear as this,
In silent solitude must fall:

And I, who in that lonely hour,
Recall the past with fruitless pain;
Remember every faded flower,
That never will re-bloom again,—
Cannot but feel, had *he* been left,
How soft an aspect woe had worn,
And though of all beside bereft,
I never had been thus forlorn.

His glistening smile, his blended tear,
His sigh, had soften'd every ill;
When friends were fled, and sorrow near,
His breast had been my refuge still.
But now, though pleasure even rose
To woo me to her blest retreats,
I'd press this heart of many woes,
And turn despairing from her sweets.

For I should feel, 'mid songs of joy,
The want of that which makes them such;
Thoughts of delightful days gone by,
Would wake my wounded heart too much.
Then be it so—in youth I leave,
The scenes that *once* wild rapture gave;
And calm I'll wait till life's dim eve,
Then lay me down in Harry's Grave.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LARK.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

WITH matchless art the nightingale
Attuned her plaintive song;
It pleased the neighboring parts so well,
Great was the list'ning throng.

The leafy summits of the grove,
Were hush'd in silence deep;
And ev'ry feather'd songster strove
How to dispense with sleep.

Aurora linger'd for a while,
On th' horizon to hear—
(As if some moments to beguile,)
Those accents sweet and clear.

For even gods, 'tis said, delight
In Philomel's soft voice;
She then essays with doubled might
The goddess to rejoice.

This done, the bird is seen to pause,
With conscious merit, long;
And, charm'd at such well-earn'd applause,
Thinks not, 'tis doing wrong.

Up skips the lark, quite debonair,
Accosting Philomel:
"There's in thy strains," says he, "my fair,
Sure something like a spell!

"We know thy powers far surpass
Whatever we can do;
But though the palm is thine, alas,
Thou hast a failing too!

"'Tis but a few weeks in the year,
I will be free to say;
Thou art disposed to charm the ear
With thy melodious lay."

To this sage Philomel replies,
With a contemptuous sneer,
"I care not, whether, in thine eyes,
My conduct strange appear:

"Enough, what thou in me wouldst blame,
Know, constitutes my pride;
Desirous to preserve my fame,
Thy prurient mind I chide.

"To Nature's precepts I conform,
And sing, or hold my tongue;
Just as she wills it, I perform
My duty, short or long.

"Then judge not, nature can be forced,
To act against her law;
Nor wish to be from her divorced,
Who keeps the world in awe."

YE poets think on Philomel,
And stay your muse in time;
So will that fame for e'er prevail,
Acquired in your prime.

But if good counsel you despise,
And hope to gain more praise;
When grown infirm, old, and unwise,
Then go on with your lays.

Soon will contempt and ridicule,
O'ertake you in your way,
And shew you that each stubborn fool,
Is but a man of clay.

Your claim to immortality,
Will surely then be gone;
Oh, shun this dread fatality,
And wisdom learn anon!

J. B. D.

THE MAN OF FASHION,

Written by Charles Westley.

WHAT is a modern man of fashion?
 A man of taste and dissipation :
 A busy man, without employment ;
 A happy man, without enjoyment :
 Who squanders all his time and treasures,
 On empty joys, and tasteless pleasures,
 Visits, attendance, and attention,
 And courtly acts, too low to mention.

In sleep and dress, and sport and play,
 He throws his worthless life away :
 Has no opinion of his own,
 But takes from leading beaux the ton.
 With a disdainful smile or frown,
 He on the rif raf crowd looks down.
 The world's polite—his friends and he—
 And all the rest are—nobody.

Taught by the great his smile to sell,
 And how to write, and how to spell :
 The great his oracles he makes,
 Copies their vices and mistakes ;
 Custom pursues, his only rule,
 And lives an ape, and dies a fool !

 LINES

ON THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA'S LEG.

HERE lies—and let no sorry knave
 Presume to smile, or laugh,
 To learn, that mouldering in the grave,
 Here lies a British Calf.—

A leg, a foot, to speak more plain,
 Rests here of one commanding ;
 Who, tho' his wits he might retain,
 Lost half his *understanding*.

Who, when the guns, with murder fraught,
Pour'd bullets, thick as hail,
Could only by this way be brought
To give his foes leg bail.

Who now, in England, just as gay,
As in the battle brave;
Goes to the rout, review, or play,
With one foot in the grave.

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE MUSEUM.

BY J. M. LACEY.

THE brave commander of his country's sons,
When bold Caractacus, with iron car,
Drove death and desolation through the ranks
Of Britain's first inexorable foes,
Was rough almost as some wild animal;
And quite as fierce. Yet was his country's love
Implanted in that hardy, hairy breast,
Firmer than oft it is in polish'd times;
For when a *nation* yields to luxury,
Its enervating pow'r is often such,
That men, to purchase its bewitching sweets,
Will sell their dearest birthright for bright gold,—
The birthright of a free and happy country!

In such vain times, the soldier is not seen
To emulate Caractacus! or those,
The hardy sons of war, who dearly earn'd
His country's records of eternal fame;
Whose deeds should rouse him to throw off the fop,
And cease to be the essenc'd thing he is:
For meet him at a dinner, or a ball,
And he shall smell as though he had the scents
Of all the garden's blossoms in his dress;
Indeed his looks so gay, and scent so sweet,
Make him but the *carnation* of the room;
“It is not, nor it cannot come to—good.”

Marriages.

Lord Viscount Sidmouth, to the Hon. Mrs. Townsend, widow of the late T. Townsend, Esq. of Honington-hall, Warwickshire.

At Headington, near Oxford, the Rev. P. Bliss, LL.D, Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian Library, &c. to Sophia, daughter of the late Rev. R. B. Bell, M.A.

At Petersburg, in America, by the Rev. Mr. Cannon, Mr. W. G. Gun, to Miss F. M. Pistol, daughter of the late Capt. J. T. Pistol, of the Petersburg Rifle Corps.

At Badminton, Gloucestershire, Aug. 12, the Hon. Fred. Calthorpe, to Lady Charlotte Somerset, daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

T. H. Bosworth, Esq. of Westerham, Kent, to Sophia, daughter of Francis de Bercken, Esq, of Finsbury-place.

Deaths.

John James, Earl of Farnham, one of the representative peers for Ireland.

At Winchester, Aug. 2, Charles Fred. Powlett, Lord Bayning.

At Barrogill-castle, near Thurso, in Scotland, the Right Hon. James, Earl of Caithness, aged 57.

Lately, Humphrey Phillimore, one of the soldiers who supported General Wolfe, when he was mortally wounded at the siege of Quebec.

In Old Burlington-street, the Marquis Cornwallis, aged 49.

Aug. 12, after a long and severe illness, the Lady of Sir R. Wilson, M. P. for Southwark.

The Rev. Dr. Edw. Ledwich, of Dublin; well known in the literary world.

At Lochwinnoch, in Scotland, Thomas Reid, Labourer; said to have been the hero of Burns's burlesque poem "Tam O'Shanter."

Aug. 19, at Shefford, Bedfordshire, aged 57, Robert Bloomfield, author of the "Farmer's Boy," &c. &c.

At Magdeburgh, in Germany, L. Carnot, a celebrated mathematician, formerly member of the Executive Directory, in France.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our pages this month will announce the successful candidate for the Prize Essay. We most sincerely sympathize with "Grace" in her repeated disappointments; but we would stimulate her to those efforts by which future success may be secured. Her *last* contribution will be inserted.

J. B. D.'s Essay will appear in our next number.—Being anxious that the question may be thoroughly discussed, we shall allow the advocates on either side a candid hearing, reserving to ourselves the privilege of commenting on their respective arguments.

D. D. D.'s Essay, has by no means convinced us that practically he has "of two evils chosen the least."

L. Y. R. will receive a note from us in a few days.

We are very anxious to receive the remaining chapters of the *Castle and the Cottage*, and also of *Croyland Abbey*.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

Castle and the Cottage, page 75, line 3 from the bottom, omit "*I am sure*," and page 79, line 4, for "*reply*" read "*apply*."

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Painted by Hastings.

Engraved by Westcott.

Miss Carew.

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